Teddy bears and choo-choo trains

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Teddy bears and choo-choo trains

by Ciupciaka

Summary

A little relaxation after a tough day.

Rumi let out a heavy sigh, slamming her door. And then immediately regretted it, as pain attacked her sore muscles from dance practice.

“Damn it, Mira,” she whined, rubbing her arm and shoulder blade.

She had a nasty feeling she’s been getting more and more lazy.

“Aww, is a little dancing too much for you now? Maybe it’s time for retirement, babe.”

Spooked, the girl let out a tiny yelp while jumping in place. Turning around, she spotted the man casually laying on her bed, arms and ankles crossed over themselves. A smug smile graced his face as he didn’t pay her much attention, too busy throwing a ball across the small room for the tiger to catch.

“Jinu! W-what are you doing here?” As her heartbeat finally returned to normal, she squeezed her top over her heart. Her poor back broke in half as she felt excruciating pain run down her spine.

“I’m not sure if you know it, you’re like…” he had a look at her phone laying next to him, which she forgot to take to the practice. “Half an hour late for our date.”

The realisation hit her like the ball for the tiger hit the window. Her back straightened in a second. Rumi started to walk around the room, rambling under her nose with her hand in her hair. Unfortunately, as a consequence of her chaotic day, not in her usual strict braid. “Shoot, I’m so sorry!”

“Rumi, it’s fine-”

“First, we had a very nasty wake-up call from Bobby, then we had to get to our final fitting for the suits for the gala,-”

“Rumi-”

“-then Mira had us memorise a whole new choreography for Golden, and did she kill it? Totally! But also, us in the process and I love her, but for-” Her voice got stuck in her throat as she was stopped mid-step by two arms taking hold of her upper arm.

“Rumi.”

She let out a weak “yeah?” as she met his gaze. They were a little further from the door, and they stood in the middle of her room. Rumi registered that when the tiger brushed against Jinu’s and her legs, shaking her awake from the little trans.

“It’s okay,” he smiled gently, grabbing her chin. “I’m not mad,” he added while brushing it with his thumb.

Well, she thought, *you should be.* “I’m still sorry,” she wrinkled her forehead. “I didn’t mean to stand you up like that. Give me a minute, I’ll take a quick shower and we can go-”

Jinu chuckled, leaning a little to press a kiss right above her nose, his hands moving to her shoulders. “Go take that shower, Soda Pop.” He turned her around, basically dragging her outside. “Wear something comfortable. We can just stay here for the evening, relax a little...” He squeezed his hands when they reached the bathroom.

“...Eat some ramyeon?” she asked hopefully, holding the door handle.

“I’ll go get it right now,” he assured her, closing the door behind her.

She let out the breath she didn’t know she was holding when she was at last alone. And then a groan, holding her face in her palms over her own stupidity. How could she forget about their date?

She rubbed her hands over her cheeks in frustration and got out of all those uncomfortable clothes.

Rumi got back to the room first and walked straight into the walk-in closet. It wasn’t like she took her time, as she preferred to get over it quickly.

She approached the tiger, who was patiently waiting for them with the three-eyed bird sitting on it. She gave it a couple of nice rubs to its cheeks, letting out a quiet laugh at the lazy eyes not really following her. “I misshed you guys too,” she admitted in a sweet voice.

She let the pets be as she climbed to the bed, although she was a little scared of falling asleep before Jinu even came back. She laid on her side, with her face to the door. Rumi picked up her phone to kill some time, scrolling through her socials, checking their views, messages from fans and some of TWICE's posts. Unexpectedly, she felt a heavy something dropping over her legs and involuntarily flinched. Her eyes shot to the bottom of the bed, where the tiger decided to lay down on her.

“Sure, buddy, why not?” she mused, rubbing his ear, to which he purred.

And fall asleep, she almost did with the warmth of the creature that was soothing her into slumber, but the sound of someone entering her room got her attention. Jinu stood in the threshold, but his face was turned to the corridor.

“-yeah sure, I’ll tell her that! Goodnight!” he called, closing the door with his foot as his arms were busy with two ramyeons. Both Rumi’s flavour and at noticing this, Rumi’s mouth just barely twitched into a smile. “Hi,” he said slowly, focusing on her and then on the beast on top of her.

“Hi yourself,” she rolled her eyes, sitting up softly to gently move the tiger and turn on the lamp next to the bed. “What was that about?”

“Nothing,” Jinu shrugged. “Just Zoey saying you should rest.” He reached out to give her the snack, but suddenly froze when looking at her as the demon animal went to rest on the footstool.

“Hm?” She made a confused sound, taking it from him to finally start eating.

“Teddy bears and choo-choo trains? Really?” he teased, dropping next to her on the comfortable mattress.

“Choo-choo,” she mimicked the sound he did during their first meet-up in the middle of the night with her mouth full of noodles.

That got a sweet laugh out of him. “But seriously,” his approach changed. “Zoey’s right. You should sleep in tomorrow.”

“Yeah sure, ‘cause it’s not like the whole world won’t end if I slip,” she snarled sarcastically.

“You should trust the girls more,” he snapped back. “They can handle single threats on their own.”

“Yeah, but you know, we’re a team,” she said more defensively. “We got each other’s backs and all.”

“Okay, but how is it that a single day off for you only is going to ruin that?”

And to that, she had no response, just shrugging.

By a clear theory she knew. She knew Mira and Zoey were both strong enough to do some fights on their own. Still, it hurt to think she might not be there to save them if things took a wrong turn.

“I’m-” *fine,* she wanted to say.

“Overworked,” he finished for her. “Rumi-”

“I really don’t think tonight is a good moment to fight over it, Jinu.”

“Fine,” his arms rose in resignation. “Just saying, babe.”

Not knowing what to say next, she hesitantly finished her meal and just awkwardly sat there cross-legged. Resting her eyes on the demonic animals, she let her mind go wild.

She was getting tired of this subject. He was worried. Okay, so what? The whole world was at stake, and how could she even dare to propose a single total day-off? The Honmoon was still unstable. The demons still showed up. And it was their duty to protect the people. He knew that, so why couldn’t he understand that?

He’s been back for a what? Half a year?

With a sigh, Jinu took their cups and put them on the nightstand on his side. “I think you should still get that nap.”

“What?” Her eyes went to him as she felt a little lost. “I thought we would watch a movie, play Uno or… I don’t know. Spend some time together?” Her voice cracked a little and she

immediately cleared her throat. “Sorry, it’s just… I already messed up our date night, and I really don’t want to ruin it completely.”

“No, you’re not doing that, Rumi,” he murmured. “You’re tired. And well, it is pretty late. I wouldn’t say no to laying down for now,” he explained patiently, taking the covers up, so they could slip underneath them.

Rumi followed the idea with some reservations, instinctively crawling closer to cuddle. As he opened his arms, he closed them the moment she was close enough, with her head being stuck under his chin. Automatically, their legs intertwined and he kissed the top of her head as he heard her take a deep breath.

“I-”

“Rumi, if you say *sorry* again-”

“I wanted to say *I feel like a sardine,* but fine,” she snorted.

Jinu lifted his head and saw the reason. The tiger climbed onto the bed once more, covering most of her side of the bed. “Annoying furball,” he whispered, which made her laugh.

“It’s your fault they’re like that.”

“Mine? Excuse me? You’re the one spoiling them rotten!”

“Hush,” she put her hand on his mouth. “No fighting in front of the children. You’re disturbing our rest.”

He huffed, but fell silent when she pulled away her palm. With much delicacy, he slipped his hands into the sleeves of her snuddie, gently running fingers over her silver marks. That made her sigh and relax more into his body.

“Have I told you how pretty they are?” he asked before starting to hum some melody she couldn't quite name.

“Hm, I think… At least a billion times,” she mumbled into his skin, half asleep already. “Yours aren’t too bad either.”

She used to panic when he touched them. She didn’t mind it anymore.

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